SIX

TOWN ECLOGUES, &c.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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With some other

POEMS.

By the Rt. Hon. L. *M. W. M.*

LONDON:

Printed for M. Cooper in *Pater-noster-Row.* 1747.

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TOWN ECLOGUES.

MONDAY.

ROXANA, or, The Drawing-Room.

ROXANA from the court retiring late,
Sigh'd her ſoft ſorrows at St. JAMES's gate:
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breaſt,
Not her own chairmen wth more weight oppreſt;
They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear;
She in theſe gentler ſounds expreſs'd her care.
"Was it for this, that I theſe Roſes wear,
"For this new-ſet the Jewels for my hair?

" Ah! Princeſs! with what zeal have I purſu'd!
" Almoſt forgot the duty of a Prude.
" Thinking I never cou'd attend too ſoon,
" I've miſs'd my prayers, to get me dreſs'd by noon.
" For Thee, ah! what for Thee did I reſign?
" My Pleaſures, Paſſions, all that e'er was mine.
" I ſacrific'd both Modeſty and Eaſe,
" Left Operas, and went to filthy Plays;
" Double entendres ſhock'd my tender ear,
" Yet even this for Thee I choſe to bear.
" In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
" And ev'ry joy of life before me lay,
" By honour prompted, and by pride reſtrain'd,
" The pleaſures of the young my ſoul diſdain'd:
" Sermons I ſought, and with a mien ſevere
" Cenſur'd my neighbours, and ſaid daily pray'r.
" Alas! how chang'd!--- with the ſame ſermon mien
" That once I pray'd, the *What-d'ye call't* I've ſeen.
" Ah! cruel Princeſs, for thy ſake I've loſt
" That reputation which ſo dear had coſt:

" I, who

" I, who avoided ev'ry publick place,
" When bloom and beauty bid me ſhow my face;
" Now near Thee conſtant ev'ry night abide
" With never-failing duty by thy ſide,
" Myſelf and daughters ſtanding on a row,
" To all the foreigners a goodly ſhow!
" Oft had your drawing-room been ſadly thin,
" And merchants wives cloſe by the chair been ſeen;
" Had not I amply fill'd the empty ſpace,
" And ſav'd your Highneſs from the dire diſgrace.
" Yet COQUETILLA's artifice prevails,
" When all my merit and my duty fails:
" That COQUETILLA, whoſe deluding airs
" Corrupts our virgins, and our youth enſnares;
" So ſunk her character, ſo loſt her fame,
" Scarce viſited before your Highneſs came;
" Yet for the Bed-chamber 'tis Her you chuſe,
" When Zeal and Fame and Virtue you refuſe.
" Ah! worthy choice! not one of all your train
" Whom cenſure blaſts not, and diſhonours ſtain.

" Let

" Let the nice hind now ſuckle dirty pigs,
" And the proud pea-hen ſnatch the cuckoo's eggs!
" Let IRIS leave her paint and own her age,
" And grave SUFFOLKIA wed a giddy page!
" A greater miracle is daily view'd,
" A virtuous Princeſs with a court ſo lewd.
" I know thee, Court! with all thy treach'rous wiles,
" Thy falſe careſſes and undoing ſmiles!
" Ah! Princeſs, learn'd in all the courtly arts
" To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts.
" Large lovely bribes are the great ſtateſman's aim;
" And the neglected patriot follows fame.
" The Prince is ogled; ſome the King purſue;
" But your ROXANA only follows You.
" Deſpis'd ROXANA, ceaſe, and try to find
" Some other, ſince the Princeſs proves unkind:
" Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,
" If not a greater, a more firm ſupport."

TUES-

TUESDAY.

St. James's Coffee-Houſe.

SILLIANDER and PATCH.

THOU ſo many favours haſt receiv'd,
Wondrous to tell, and hard to be believ'd,
Oh! H-------D, to my lays attention lend,
Hear how two lovers boaſtingly contend;
Like thee ſucceſsful, ſuch their bloomy youth,
Renown'd alike for gallantry and truth.
St. JAMES's bell had toll'd ſome wretches in,
(As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could ſin)
The happier ſinners now their charms put out,
And to their manteaus their complexions ſuit:
The opera queens had finiſh'd half their faces,
And city-dames already taken places;

Fops of all kinds to ſee the Lion, run;
The beauties ſtay till the firſt act's begun,
And beaux ſtep home to put freſh linen on.
No well-dreſs'd youth in coffee-houſe remain'd,
But penſive PATCH, who on the window lean'd;
And SILLIANDER, that alert and gay,
Firſt pick'd his teeth, and then began to ſay.

SILLIANDER.

Why all theſe ſighs? ah! why ſo penſive grown?
Some cauſe there is why thus you ſit alone.
Does hapleſs paſſion all this ſorrow move?
Or doſt thou envy where the ladies love?

PATCH.

If, whom they love, my envy muſt purſue,
'Tis ſure, at leaſt, I never envy You.

SILLIANDER.

No, I'm unhappy, You are in the right,
'Tis You they favour, and 'tis Me they ſlight.
Yet I cou'd tell, but that I hate to boaſt,
A club of ladies where 'tis Me they toaſt.

PATCH.

PATCH.

Toaſting does ſeldom any favour prove;
Like us, they never toaſt the thing they love.
A certain Duke one night my health begun;
With chearful pledges round the room it run,
Till the young SYLVIA preſs'd to drink it too,
Started, and vow'd ſhe knew not what to do:
What, drink a fellow's health! ſhe dy'd with ſhame:
Yet bluſh'd whenever ſhe pronounc'd my name.

SILLIANDER.

Ill fates purſue me, may I never find
The dice propitious, or the ladies kind,
If fair Miſs FLIPPY's fan I did not tear,
And one from me ſhe condeſcends to wear.

PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive;
'Tis then a favour when the ſex will give.
A lady (but ſhe is too great to name)
Beauteous in perſon, ſpotleſs is her fame,

With gentle ſtrugglings let me force this ring;
Another day may give another thing.

SILLIANDER.

I cou'd ſay ſomething---ſee this billet-doux--
And as for preſents---look upon my ſhoe--
Theſe buckles were not forc'd, nor half a theft,
But a young Counteſs fondly made the gift.

PATCH.

My Counteſs is more nice, more artful too,
Affects to fly that I may fierce purſue:
This ſnuff-box which I begg'd, ſhe ſtill deny'd,
And when I ſtrove to ſnatch it, ſeem'd to hide;
She laugh'd and fled, and as I ſought to ſeize,
With affectation cramm'd it down her ſtays:
Yet hop'd ſhe did not place it there unſeen,
I preſs'd her breaſts, and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER.

Laſt night, as I ſtood ogling of her Grace,
Drinking delicious poiſon from her face,

The ſoft enchantreſs did that face decline,
Nor ever rais'd her eyes to meet with mine;
With ſudden art ſome ſecret did pretend,
Lean'd croſs two chairs to whiſper to a friend,
While the ſtiff whalebone with the motion roſe,
And thouſand beauties to my ſight expoſe.

PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was aſk'd to come)
I drank bohea in CÆLIA's dreſſing-room:
Warm from her bed, to me alone within,
Her night-gown faſten'd with a ſingle pin;
Her night-cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs grace,
And her bright hair play'd careleſs round her face;
Reaching the kettle, made her gown unpin,
She wore no waiſtcoat, and her ſhift was thin.

SILLIANDER.

See TITIANA driving to the park,
Hark! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark;
In her all beauties of the ſpring are ſeen,
Her cheeks are roſy, and her mantle green.

PATCH.

PATCH.

See, TINTORETTA to the opera goes!
Haſte, or the crowd will not permit our bows;
In her the glory of the heav'ns we view,
Her eyes are ſtar-like, and her mantle blue.

SILLIANDER.

What colour does in CÆLIA's ſtockings ſhine?
Reveal that ſecret, and the prize is thine.

PATCH.

What are her garters? tell me if you can;
I'll freely own thee for the happier man.

Thus PATCH continued his heroic ſtrain,
While SILLIANDER but contends in vain.
After a conqueſt ſo important gain'd,
Unrival'd PATCH in ev'ry ruelle reign'd.

WEDNESDAY.

WEDNESDAY.

The Tête à Tete.

DANCINDA.

"NO, fair DANCINDA, no; you ſtrive in vain
"To calm my care and mitigate my pain;
"If all my ſighs, my cares, can fail to move,
"Ah! ſooth me not with fruitleſs vows of love."
Thus STREPHON ſpoke. DANCINDA thus reply'd:
'What muſt I do to gratify your pride?
'Too well you know (ungrateful as thou art)
'How much you triumph in this tender heart;
'What proof of love remains for me to grant?'
Yet ſtill you teize me with ſome new complaint.
Oh! would to heav'n!--but the fond wiſh is vain--
Too many favours had not made it plain!
But ſuch a paſſion breaks thro' all diſguiſe,
Love reddens on my cheek and wiſhes in my eyes.

Is't

Is't not enough (inhuman and unkind!)
I own the ſecret conflict of my mind?
You cannot know what ſecret pain I prove,
When I with burning bluſhes own I love.
You ſee my artleſs joy at your approach,
I ſigh, I faint, I tremble at your touch;
And in your abſence all the world I ſhun;
I hate mankind, and curſe the cheering ſun,
Still as I fly, ten thouſand ſwains purſue;
Ten thouſand ſwains I ſacrifice to you.
I ſhew you all my heart without diſguiſe:
But theſe are tender proofs that you deſpiſe—
I ſee too well what wiſhes you purſue;
You wou'd not only conquer, but undo:
You, cruel victor, weary of your flame,
Would ſeek a cure in my eternal ſhame;
And not content my honour to ſubdue,
Now ſtrive to triumph o'er my virtue too.
Oh! Love, a God indeed to womankind,
Whoſe arrows burn me and whoſe fetters bind,

Avenge

Avenge thy altars, vindicate thy fame,
And blaſt theſe traytors that profane thy name,
Who by pretending to thy ſacred fire,
Raiſe curſed trophies to impure deſire.
Have you forgot with what enſnaring art
You firſt ſeduc'd this fond uncautious heart?
Then as I fled, did you not kneeling cry,
Turn, cruel beauty; whither wou'd you fly?
Why all theſe Doubts? why this diſtruſtful fear?
No impious wiſhes ſhall offend your ear:
Nor ever ſhall my boldeſt hopes pretend
Above the title of a tender friend;
Bleſt, if my lovely Goddeſs will permit
My humble vow, thus ſighing at her feet:
The tyrant Love that in my Boſom reigns,
The God himſelf ſubmits to wear your chains;
You ſhall direct his courſe, his ardour tame,
And check the fury of his wildeſt flame.
Unpractis'd youth is eaſily deceiv'd;
Sooth'd by ſuch ſounds, I liſten'd and believ'd:

Now quite forgot that ſoft ſubmiſſive fear:
You dare to aſk what I muſt bluſh to hear.

Cou'd I forget the honour of my race,
And meet your wiſhes, fearleſs of diſgrace;
Cou'd paſſion o'er my tender youth prevail,
And all my mother's pious maxims fail;
Yet to preſerve your heart (which ſtill muſt be,
Falſe as it is, for ever dear to me)
This fatal proof of love I wou'd not give,
Which you contemn the moment you receive.
The wretched ſhe, who yields to guilty joys
A man may pity, but he muſt deſpiſe.
Your ardour ceas'd, I then ſhou'd ſee you ſhun
The wretched victim by your arts undone.
Yet if I cou'd that cold indifference bear,
What more wou'd ſtrike me with the laſt deſpair,
With this reflection wou'd my ſoul be torn,
To know I merited your cruel ſcorn.

Has Love no pleaſures free from guilt or fear?
Pleaſures leſs fierce, more laſting, more ſincere?

Thus

Thus let us gently kiſs and fondly gaze,
Love is a child, and like a child it plays.
O STREPHON, if you wou'd continue juſt,
If Love be ſomething more than brutal luſt,
Forbear to aſk what I muſt ſtill deny,
This bitter pleaſure, this deſtructive joy,
So cloſely follow'd by the diſmal train
Of cutting ſhame, and guilt's heart-piercing pain.
She paus'd; and fix'd her eyes upon her fan;
He took a pinch of ſnuff, and thus began;
Madam, if Love---but he cou'd ſay no more,
For Mademoiſelle came rapping at the door.
The dangerous moments no adieus afford;
Begone, ſhe cries, I'm ſure I hear my Lord.
The lover ſtarts from his unfiniſh'd loves,
To ſnatch his hat, and ſeek his ſcatter'd gloves:
The ſighing dame to meet her dear prepares,
While STREPHON curſing, ſlips down the back-ſtairs.

THURSDAY.

The BASSETTE-TABLE.

SMILINDA and CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

THE baſſette-table ſpread, the tallier come,
Why ſtays SMILINDA in the dreſſing-room?
Riſe, penſive nymph! the tallier ſtays for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah! Madam, ſince my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd alpieu.
I ſaw him ſtand behind OMBRELIA's chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſighs that cheat the liſt'ning fair---

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains.
As you by love, ſo I by fortune croſs'd,
In one bad deal three Septleva's I loſt.

SMI-

SMILINDA.

Is that a grief which you compare with mine?
With eaſe the ſmiles of fortune I reſign.
Wou'd all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover loſt, is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs againſt the change prepare,
The queen of Clubs thrice loſt! Oh! who cou'd gueſs
This fatal ſtroke this unforeſeen diſtreſs!

SMILINDA.

See! BETTY LOVEIT very à propos!
She all the pains of love and play does know,
Deeply experienc'd many years ago.
Dear BETTY ſhall th' important point decide,
BETTY, who oft the pains of each has try'd:
Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By cards, ill-uſage or by lovers loſt.

LOVEIT.

LOVEIT.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Tho' time is precious, and I want ſome tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage by MATHERS wrought
With fifty guineas (a great pen'orth!) bought!
See on the tooth-pick MARS and CUPID ſtrive,
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem to live.
Upon the bottom ſee the Queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble caſe;
JOVE, JOVE himſelf does on the ſciſſars ſhine,
The metal and the workmanſhip divine.

SMILINDA.

This ſnuff-box once the pledge of SHARPER's love,
When rival beauties for the preſent ſtrove,
(At CORTICELLI's he the raffle won,
There firſt his paſſion was in public ſhown;
HAZARDIA bluſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
A rival's envy all in vain to hide)
This ſnuff-box---on the hinge ſee diamonds ſhine;
This ſnuff-box will I ſtake, the prize is mine.

CAR-

CARDELIA.

Alas! far leſſer loſſes than I bear,
Have made a ſoldier ſigh, a lover ſwear:
But oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord who drew the fatal card!------
In complaiſance I took the Queen he gave,
Tho' my own ſecret wiſh was for the Knave:
The Knave won *ſon ecart* that I had choſe,
And the next pull *my ſeptleva* I loſe.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing ſmart,
The cruel thought that ſtabs me to the heart,
This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing fair,
By whoſe vile arts this heavy grief I bear,
She, at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
She owes to me, the very charms ſhe wears:
An aukward thing when firſt ſhe came to town,
Her ſhape unfiniſh'd and her face unknown;
She was my friend, I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her ſallow cheeks enlivening red,

I introduc'd her to the park and plays,
And by my Intereſt Cosins made her ſtays;
Ungrateful wretch! with mimick airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my favourite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I ſwore,
When WINNALL tallied, I would punt no more!
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
And ſee the folly which I cannot ſhun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd!
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd!
Yet, his known falſhood could no warning prove:
Ah! what are warnings to a maid in love!

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
Can gaze on Baſſette, and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves are ſet in decent rank,
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank!

Guineas

Guineas, half-guineas, all the ſhining train,
The Winner's pleaſure and the Loſer's pain;
In bright confuſion open ronleaus lie,
They ſtrike the ſoul, and glitter in the eye;
Fir'd by the ſight, all reaſon I diſdain,
My paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein:
Look upon Baſſette, you who Reaſon boaſt,
And ſee if Reaſon may not there be loſt!

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that breaſt compoſe,
That liſtens coldly to my SHARPER's vows!
Then when he trembles, when his bluſhes riſe,
When awful Love ſeems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
He loves, I whiſper to myſelf, He loves!
Such unfeign'd paſſion in his look appears,
I loſe all mem'ry of my former fears;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms;
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms.

Think of that moment, you who Prudence boaſt!
For ſuch a moment, Prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-porter's, batter'd bullies play;
Some Dukes at Marybon bowl time away:
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To Baſſette's heavenly joys and pleaſing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a beau;
PRUDINA likes a man, and laughs at ſhow:
Their ſeveral graces in my SHARPER meet;
Strong as the footman, as the maſter ſweet.

LOVEIT.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long,
I grow impatient, and the tea grows ſtrong:
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage ſhall grace SMILINDA's ſide;
The ſnuff-box to CARDELIA I decree;
So leave complaining, and begin your tea.

FRI-

FRIDAY.

The TOILETTE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty ſprings had cloath'd the park with green,
Since LYDIA knew the bloſſom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours moleſt;
And catch her at her toilette half undreſt.
The thund'ring knocker wakes the ſtreet no more,
Nor chairs nor coaches crowd the ſilent door,
Now at the window all her mornings paſs,
Or at the dumb devotion of her glaſs:
Reclin'd upon her arm ſhe penſive ſat,
And curs'd th' inconſtancy of man too late.
" Oh! youth, O ſpring of life for ever loſt,
" No more my name ſhall reign the fav'rite toaſt;

" On glaſs no more the diamond grave my name,
" And lines miſ-ſpelt record my lover's flame:
" Nor ſhall ſide-boxes watch my wand'ring eyes,
" And, as they catch the glance, in rows ariſe
" With humble bows; nor white-glov'd beaus encroach
" In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
" What ſhall I do to ſpend the hateful day?
" At chapel ſhall I wear the morn away?
" Who there appears at theſe unmodiſh hours,
" But ancient matrons with their frizled tours,
" And grey religious maids? My preſence there
" Amidſt that ſober train, would own Deſpair:
" Nor am I yet ſo old, nor is my glance
" As yet fix'd wholly on devotion's trance.
" Strait then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted range
" Thro' India ſhops, to *Motteux*'s, or the *Change*,
" Where the tall jar erects its ſtately pride,
" With antick ſhapes in China's azure dy'd;
" There careleſs lies a rich brocade unroll'd,
" Here ſhines a cabinet with burniſh'd gold.

" But

" But then, alas! I muſt be forc'd to pay,
" And bring no penn'orths, not a fan away!
" How am I curs'd, unhappy and forlorn!
" My lover's triumph, and my ſex's ſcorn!
" Falſe is the pompous grief of youthful heirs;
" Falſe are the looſe coquet's inveigling airs;
" Falſe is the crafty courtier's plighted word;
" Falſe are the dice when gameſters ſtamp the board;
" Falſe is the ſprightly widow's public tear;
" Yet theſe to DAMON's oaths are all ſincere.
" For what young flirt, baſe man, am I abus'd?
" To pleaſe your wife am I unkindly us'd?
" 'Tis true, her face may boaſt the peach's bloom;
" But does her nearer whiſper breathe perfume?
" I own, her taper ſhape is form'd to pleaſe;
" But don't you ſee her unconfin'd by ſtays?
" She doubly to fifteen may claim pretence;
" Alike we read it in her face and ſenſe.
" Inſipid, ſervile thing! whom I diſdain!
" Her phlegm can beſt ſupport the marriage chain.

" DA-

" DAMON is practis'd in the modiſh life;
" Can hate, and yet be civil to his wife;
" He games, he drinks, he ſwears, he fights, he roves,
" Yet CLOE can believe he fondly loves!
" Miſtreſs and Wife by turns ſupply his need;
" A miſs for pleaſure, and a wife for breed.
" Powder'd with diamonds, free from ſpleen or care,
" She can a ſullen huſband's humour bear;
" Her credulous friendſhip, and her ſtupid eaſe,
" Have often been my jeſt in happier days:
" Now CLOE boaſts and triumphs in my pains;
" To Her he's faithful; 'tis to Me he feigns.
" Am I that ſtupid thing to bear neglect,
" And force a ſmile, not daring to ſuſpect?
" No, perjur'd man! a Wife may be content,
" But you ſhall find a Miſtreſs can reſent."

Thus love-ſick LYDIA rav'd; her maid appears,
And in her faithful hand the band-box bears:
(The Ceſtos that reform'd inconſtant JOVE
Not better fill'd with what allur'd to love)

" How

" How well this ribband's gloſs becomes your face!"
She cries in rapture; " then, ſo ſweet a lace!
" How charmingly you look! ſo bright! ſo fair!
" 'Tis to your eyes the head-dreſs owes its air!"
Strait LYDIA ſmil'd: the comb adjuſts her locks;
And at the play-houſe HARRY keeps her box.

SATURDAY.

SATURDAY.

The SMALL-POX.

FLAVIA.

THE wretched FLAVIA on her couch reclin'd,
Thus breath'd the anguiſh of a wounded mind;
A glaſs revers'd in her right hand ſhe bore,
For now ſhe ſhun'd the face ſhe ſought before.
'How am I chang'd! alas! how am I grown
'A frightful ſpectre, to myſelf unknown!
'Where's my Complexion? where my radiant Bloom,
'That promis'd happineſs for Years to come?
'Then with what pleaſure I this face ſurvey'd!
'To look once more, my viſits oft delay'd!
'Charm'd with the view, a freſher red would riſe,
'And a new life ſhot ſparkling from my eyes!

' Ah! faithleſs glaſs, my wonted bloom reſtore;
' Alas! I rave, that bloom is now no more!
' The greateſt good the Gods on men beſtow,
' Ev'n youth itſelf, to me is uſeleſs now.
' There was a time (oh! that I could forget!)
' When opera-tickets pour'd before my feet;
' And at the ring, where brighteſt beauties ſhine,
' The earlieſt cherries of the ſpring were mine.
' Witneſs, O *Lilly*; and thou, *Motteux*, tell
' How much Japan theſe eyes have made ye ſell.
' With what contempt ye ſaw me oft deſpiſe
' The humble offer of the raffled prize;
' For at the raffle ſtill each prize I bore,
' With ſcorn rejected, or with triumph wore!
' Now beauty's fled, and preſents are no more!
' For me the Patriot has the houſe forſook,
' And left debates to catch a paſſing look:
' For me the Soldier has ſoft verſes writ;
' For me the Beau has aim'd to be a Wit.

‘ For me the Wit to nonſenſe was betray'd;
‘ The Gameſter has for me his dun delay'd,
‘ And overſeen the card I would have play'd.
‘ The bold and haughty by ſucceſs made vain,
‘ Aw'd by my eyes have trembled to complain:
‘ The baſhful 'ſquire touch'd by a wiſh unknown,
‘ Has dar'd to ſpeak with ſpirit not his own;
‘ Fir'd by one wiſh, all did alike adore;
‘ Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more!
‘ As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
‘ New unaffected ſcenes of ſorrow riſe!
‘ Far from my ſight that killing picture bear,
‘ The face diſfigure, and the canvas tear!
‘ That picture which with pride I us'd to ſhow,
‘ The loſt reſemblance but upbraids me now.
‘ And thou, my toilette! where I oft have ſat,
‘ While hours unheeded paſs'd in deep debate,
‘ How curls ſhould fall, or where a patch to place:
‘ If blue or ſcarlet beſt became my face;

‘ Now

‘ Now on ſome happier nymph your aid beſtow ;
‘ On fairer heads, ye uſeleſs jewels glow !
‘ No borrow'd luſtre can my charms reſtore ;
‘ Beauty is fled, and dreſs is now no more !
‘ Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye ſhine ;
‘ Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine ;
‘ But midſt your triumphs with confuſion know,
‘ 'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.
‘ Would pitying Heav'n reſtore my wonted mien,
‘ Ye ſtill might move unthought-of and unſeen.
‘ But oh ! how vain, how wretched is the boaſt
‘ Of beauty faded, and of empire loſt !
‘ What now is left but weeping, to deplore
‘ My beauty fled, and empire now no more !
‘ Ye, cruel Chymiſts, what with-held your aid !
‘ Could no pomatums ſave a trembling maid ?
‘ How falſe and trifling is that art ye boaſt ;
‘ No art can give me back my beauty loſt.
‘ In tears, ſurrounded by my friends I lay,
‘ Maſk'd o'er and trembled at the ſight of day ;

' MIRMILLO came my fortune to deplore,
' (A golden headed cane well carv'd he bore)
' Cordials, he cried, my ſpirits muſt reſtore:
' Beauty is fled, and ſpirit is no more!
' GALEN, the grave; officious SQUIRT, was there,
' With fruitleſs grief and unavailing care:
' MACHAON too, the great MACHAON, known
' By his red cloak and his ſuperior frown;
' And why, he cry'd, this grief and this deſpair?
' You ſhall again be well, again be fair;
' Believe my oath; (with that an oath he ſwore)
' Falſe was his oath; my beauty is no more!
' Ceaſe, hapleſs maid, no more thy tale purſue,
' Forſake mankind, and bid the world adieu!
' Monarchs and beauties rule with equal ſway;
' All ſtrive to ſerve, and glory to obey:
' Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow;
' Men mock the idol of their former vow.
' Adieu! ye parks!----- in ſome obſcure receſs,
' Where gentle ſtreams will weep at my diſtreſs,

' Where

‘ Where no falſe friend will in my grief take part,
‘ And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;
‘ There let me live in ſome deſerted place,
‘ There hide in ſhades this loſt inglorious face.
‘ Ye, operas, circles, I no more muſt view!
‘ My toilette, patches, all the world adieu!

EPISTLE from *Arthur Grey* the Footman, after his Condemnation for attemping a Rape.

READ, lovely nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wiſh, nor you to dread:
I aſk not life, for life to me were vain,
And death a refuge from ſeverer pain.'
My only hope in theſe laſt lines I try;
I wou'd be pitied, and I then wou'd die.
Long had I liv'd as ſordid as my fate,
Nor curs'd the deſtiny that made me wait
A ſervile ſlave: content with homely food
The groſs inſtinct of appetite purſued:
Youth gave me ſleep at night and warmth of blood.
Ambition yet had never touch'd my breaſt;
My lordly maſter knew no ſounder reſt;
With labour healthy, in obedience bleſt.
But when I ſaw--Oh! had I never ſeen
That wounding ſoftneſs, that engaging mien!

The miſt of wretched education flies,
Shame, fear, deſire, deſpair and love ariſe,
The new creation of thoſe beauteous eyes.
But yet that love purſued no guilty aim,
Deep in my heart I hid the ſecret flame.
I never hop'd my fond deſire to tell,
And all my wiſhes were to ſerve you well.
Heav'ns! how I flew, when wing'd by your command;
And kiſs'd the letters giv'n me by your hand.
How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
Preſent the ſparkling wine, or change the plate!
How when you ſung, my ſoul devour'd the ſound,
And ev'ry ſenſe was in the rapture drown'd!
Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move;
--You knew not that ſtupidity was Love!
But oh! the torment not to be expreſs'd,
The grief, the rage, the hell that fir'd this breaſt,
When my great rivals, in embroid'ry gay,
Sate by your ſide, or led you from the play.

I ſtill contriv'd near as I cou'd to ſtand,
(The flambeau trembled in my ſhaking hand)
I ſaw, or thought I ſaw thoſe fingers preſs'd,
For thus their paſſion by my own I gueſs'd,
And jealous fury all my ſoul poſſeſs'd.
Like torrents, Love and Indignation meet,
And madneſs wou'd have thrown me at your feet.
Turn, lovely nymph (for ſo I wou'd have ſaid)
Turn from thoſe triflers who make Love a trade;
This is true paſſion in my eyes you ſee;
They cannot, no—they cannot love like me.
Frequent debauch has pall'd their ſickly taſte,
Faint their deſire, and in a moment paſt:
They ſigh not from the heart, but from the brain;
Vapours of vanity, and ſtrong champagne.
Too dull to feel what forms, like yours, inſpire,
After long talking of their painted fire,
To ſome lewd brothel they at night retire;
There pleas'd with fancy'd quality and charms,
Enjoy your beauties in a ſtrumpet's arms.

Such

Such are the joys thoſe toaſters have in view,
And ſuch the wit and pleaſure they purſue:
--And is this Love that ought to merit you?
Each opera-night a new addreſs begun,
They ſwear to thouſands what they ſwear to one.
Not thus I ſigh---but all my ſighs are vain--
Die, wretched ARTHUR, and conceal thy pain:
'Tis impudence to wiſh, and madneſs to complain.
Fix'd on this view, my only hope of eaſe,
I waited not the aid of ſlow diſeaſe:
The keeneſt inſtruments of death I ſought,
And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.
This all the night--when I remember well,
The charming tinkle of your morning bell!
Fir'd by the ſound, I haſten'd with your tea,
With one laſt look to ſmooth the darkſome way-----
But oh! how dear that fatal look has coſt!
In that fond moment my reſolves were loſt.
Hence all my guilt, and all your ſorrows riſe---
I ſaw the languid ſoftneſs of your eyes;

I ſaw the dear diſorder of your bed;
Your cheek all glowing with a tempting red;
Your night-cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs grace;
Your flowing hair play'd careleſs round your face;
Your night-gown faſten'd with a ſingle pin;
--Fancy improv'd the wond'rous charms within!
I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breaſt,
And hardly, hardly I forbore the reſt;
Eager to gaze, unſatisfied with ſight,
My head grew giddy with the near delight!
--Too well you know the fatal following night!
Th' extremeſt proof of my deſire I give,
And ſince you will not love, I will not live.
Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
Careleſs and fearleſs of the woes to come.
But when you ſee me waver in the wind,
My guilty flame extinct, my ſoul reſign'd,
Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
The cruel conſequence of furious Love.

Think the bold wretch that cou'd ſo greatly dare,
Was tender, faithful, ardent and ſincere:
Think when I held the piſtol to your breaſt,
Had I been of the world's large rule poſſeſt,
That world had then been yours, and I been bleſt!
Think that my life was quite below my care,
Nor fear'd I any hell beyond deſpair--
If theſe reflections, tho' they ſeize you late,
Give ſome compaſſion for your ARTHUR's fate:
Enough you give, nor ought I to complain;
You pay my pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain!

The LOVER: A BALLAD.

To Mr. C--------.

I.

AT length by ſo much importunity preſs'd,
Take, C-----, at once, the Inſide of my breaſt;
This ſtupid indiff'rence ſo often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to ſhame.
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor is Sunday's ſermon ſo ſtrong in my head.
I know but too well how Time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

II.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh! was there a man (but where ſhall I find
Good ſenſe and good nature ſo equally join'd?)

Wou'd value his pleaſure, contribute to mine;
Not meanly would boaſt, nor would lewdly deſign;
Not over ſevere, yet not ſtupidly vain,
For I would have the power, tho' not give the pain.

III.

No pedant, yet learned; not rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, becauſe he has nothing to ſay;
To all my whole ſex obliging and free,
Yet never be fond of any but me.
In public preſerve the decorum that's juſt,
And ſhew in his eyes he is true to his truſt;
Then rarely approach, and reſpectfully bow,
But not fulſomely pert, or foppiſhly low.

IV.

But when the long hours of public are paſt,
And we meet with Champagne and a Chicken at laſt,
May ev'ry fond pleaſure that moment endear;
Be baniſh'd afar both diſcretion and fear!
Forgetting or ſcorning the airs of the crowd,
He may ceaſe to be formal, and I to be proud,

Till

Till loſt in the joy, we confeſs that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

V.

And that my delight may be ſolidly fix'd,
Let the Friend and the Lover be handſomely mix'd,
In whoſe tender boſom my ſoul may confide,
Whoſe kindneſs can ſooth me, whoſe counſel cou'd guide.
From ſuch a dear Lover as here I deſcribe,
No danger ſhould fright me, no millions ſhould bribe:
But till this aſtoniſhing creature I know,
As I long have liv'd chaſte, I will keep myſelf ſo.

VI.

I never will ſhare with the wanton coquet,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
The toaſters and ſongſters may try all their art,
But never ſhall enter the paſs of my heart.
I loath the lewd rake, the dreſs'd fopling deſpiſe:
Before ſuch purſuers the nice virgin flies;
And as OVID has ſweetly in parables told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.

The

The LADY's RESOLVE,

Written Extempore on a Window.

WHILST thirſt of praiſe, and vain deſire of fame,
In ev'ry age, is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtſhip pleas'd, of ſilly toaſters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a croud;
On each poor fool beſtowing ſome kind glance,
Each conqueſt owing to ſome looſe advance;
While vain coquets affect to be purſued,
And think they're virtuous, if not groſsly lewd;
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;
In part ſhe is to blame that has been tried;
He comes too near, that comes to be denied.

The GENTLEMAN's Anſwer.

WHILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame
In ev'ry ſtate and ev'ry age the ſame;
With their own folly pleas'd, the fair they toaſt,
And where they leaſt are happy, ſwear they're moſt;

No

No difference making 'twixt coquet and prude;
And her that seems, yet is not really lewd;
While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,
And taste no joys but what their fancies give;
Let this great maxim be my action's guide,
May I ne'er hope, tho' I am ne'er denied;
Nor think a woman won, that's willing to be try'd.

FINIS.

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